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## Burning Bees

Turn my insides out  
Revealing, and reeling all my insecurities  
Don't say it's up to me  
You've taken the bees from the hive  
Might as well make some honey  
Be Honest  
Feed the nectar into my bloodstream  
...to calm my fears, you beg  
On your knees boy  
Then turn away  
Turn my insides out  
Cause me pain  
Burn the panties in my drawer  
Dry your lips on my collar And walk away  
Run through the rivers  
The way the river runs  
Oh, my dear Turn away from the rapids  
and Shut Up  
and row  
You turn me  
You turn my insides out  
You throw me  
Shove the toast in my mouth  
Cause the teeth to grind  
Pass around the tin

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He needs to spit me out insides exposed  
splattered against the walls  
Scribbled upside-down  
In Greek, In Latin, In French  
the words, the meanings  
the bees busy themselves  
You eat the toast  
You spread the honey  
I'm willing and wanting  
Craving of foods and fits  
No one knows you like I  
I have known you Back when  
How I turned you  
How I blew the wind that eroded the mountains  
I allowed you to pick me roses from our garden together  
The one we built  
With roses and bees

*Megan Mills*